

You Hit My Heart By Kylie Stanford

Chapter 2

The night was dark, the wind was cold, and the atmosphere of depression permeated the surroundings.

Luther knew he had been caught in a trap and was too careless. It seems that he was too comfortable for too long and ignored the danger.

The three men in pursuit behind them all had guns.

“Bang! Bang! Bang!” Several shots rang out, and after a struggle, Luther was still good, but after all, he was one against three. His leg was now grazed and wounded, and he gradually ran out of strength.

After struggling to get rid of his pursuers, he had no choice but to leap into the Han River, which was his last chance of survival.

Joyce was on her way. She had got something to do tonight, and Dean Rachel Armstrong wanted her to go back to the orphanage.

A few sudden loud noises made her instantly put up her guard.

Just from her experience, she knew immediately that it was the sound of gunfire. And it must be an AK47, held only by some international terrorists.

It was not like they were at war, and it was just too unusual to hear gunfire.

She followed the sound and saw several people fighting from afar, one of whom seemed to be injured and forced to jump into the Han River.

Just when the other three were in pursuit and ready to continue shooting into the water, Joyce backhanded a few darts that sliced precisely across the necks of the three assailants with a series of “whooshes”.

The darts were back in Joyce’s hands in a matter of moments as they arced through the air in a beautiful silver arc.

Carrying a homemade boomerang dart around had been a habit for years.

“Ouch!” A miserable scream rang out as several thugs hurriedly covered their bleeding necks and fled.

Although the dart did not cut their carotid artery, it was so powerful that if they did not stop the bleeding in time they would certainly die.

Joyce, who was about to graduate with honor from the Manufacturing and Design school of Khebury University of Conard, was never just a beautiful nerd.

But almost no one knew about her more glorious past. She won a gold medal in the National 10M Air Pistol Competition Junior Cup and could have won the World Shooting Championships, leading all the way to the preliminaries, but for some reason, she did not finish the competition at the final moment and had since disappeared.

Joyce was a great marksman with 0.01mm accuracy. Ten rings were nothing but a regular occurrence to her. Throwing darts was a piece of cake.

After driving the gang away, Joyce rushed to the river, the man who just jumped into the water must have been injured, and perhaps would not make it much longer.

Without much thought, she went straight over the railing and leaped into the water.

As she expected, the man in the water was so heavy that she spent a lot of effort dragging the man to shore.

It was very dark that night, and thick clouds had obscured the moonlight, and there were no streetlights around, so it was completely impossible to see faces.

The man who was shot choked unconscious and lay motionless on the ground.

Joyce has participated in the FirstAid Volunteer Training Program, where she learned various first aid techniques.

She pressed hard and repeatedly on his chest, several times, and he still hadn't spit out the water he had choked into his chest.

What could she do if she did not give him artificial respiration?

Human lives were at stake.

No matter, she frowned, closed her eyes, and went straight to his lips. And then she blew hard into them.

Strange, the man who fell into the water, his lips were not cold, but scorching hot instead.

It was so hot that even her lips were trembling gently with him.

Joyce repeatedly gave him artificial respiration several times, and finally, he spat out a few mouthfuls of water and coughed violently a few times.

“Hot, so hot...” Luther could not think straight at the moment, only feeling hot and inexplicably thirsty. He found it so difficult to control himself.

Feeling the soft lips on him set his whole body’s blood on fire. He knew he had been set up, and his self-control collapsed with intense desire, and the sweet kiss was certainly the final catalyst.

When soft lips covered him again, he fiercely reached out to hook the woman in front of him and kissed her fiercely.

“No, um.” By the time Joyce realized the danger, it was clearly too late.

His arms gradually tightened, his body emitting unusual heat as if it was going to melt her down together.

She knew something was wrong with him.

She fought so hard but to no avail.

It’s over, she knew what it meant.....

“I’ll take the responsibility.” He said at the last moment before his sanity was gone.